

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "T'cha - T'cha"

[krs-one]

Easssssssssy mahn!

It's impossible to take out boogie down productions  
Seen?

Yes.. come mi say

Intro/chorus: krs-one

Come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha, come mi say come to the t'cha  
Come mi say come to the t'cha come to the t'cha come to the t'cha

[krs-one]

Me bus' upon the scene around 1986  
A few hit records got me started real quick  
I represent the bronx, but I am a new yorker  
All vegetarian, never eat pork or  
Chicken in a battle yes my brain starts clickin  
Just like the gears of a watch, tock-tickin  
I never lose time cause the rhyme is all digital  
For suckers like you, I turn the power up to critical  
On every playlist, waxin that anus  
Suckers or professionals, bring down the decimal  
Point every time you subtract an emcee  
People look at me, a p-o-e-t  
Teachin suckers like you about the i.c.u.  
And the krs-one, sounds like arithmetic  
Very psychological; why are you on the dick?  
Well, my evaluation is sudden  
Takin me out, is somethin closer to impossible  
You could try your best  
But frankly I don't think it's logical  
This is yes the dj writer superproducer kris  
God gave me a talent, so let me flaunt the gift

Chorus

[krs-one]

Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin paid  
Push up ya han-ds, if you don't have aids, biddi-by-by  
Push up ya han-ds, if you out here gettin pa-ai-id

Push up ya han-ds, if you won't be delayed  
Boogie down productions at the head of the raid  
Always gettin brighter while the suckers will fade  
Life is very serious, it's not an arcade  
So everything you're hearing, krs has made  
Mc's grab the microphone but don't know what to say  
So dj krs has come to show dem the way  
I always call you females by your name, not "hey!"  
Cause "hey" will only make a real woman turn away, gwan  
Unless the woman is the freak of the yeарrr  
Well then you know that krs don't carrre  
Unless the woman is the freak of the yeарrr, biddi-by-by  
And then you know that krs don't carrre  
You always call a freak, by the garment they wear  
Instead of call it clothes they always callin it gear  
Big derriere to make the next man stare  
Attracted to the man with jheri curls in him hair  
Always puffin cheeba with a forty of beer  
But to a re-al wo-man freaks-a can-not compare, gwan  
Hold up ya han-ds if you a real wo-man, bo!  
Hold up ya han-ds, if you do underst-and  
The style that I'm sayin, without no delayin  
Is blastmaster krs-one, just playin  
It's really kinda easy for me, to do a style like this  
It's kinda primitive, so please don't miss  
The way I do this on the microphone, cause I was never shown  
My mother wasn't into b-boyn at the home  
No one out can compete  
And not another dj rocks this type of beat  
Come mi say

### Chorus

[krs-one]

Come mi say jump up when ya high, and jump up when ya low-ah  
Boogie down productions make the lyrics just flow  
With m-e-l-o-d-i-e and manager moe  
We'll wrap up any mc in a ribbon or a bow  
People takin pictures of me everywhere I go  
Take out three mc's and call it tic-tac-toe

Yes!

Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum  
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, zhiggi-zi  
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, da-dum  
Zhoom, dum, da-dum, da-da-dum, come mi say

### Chorus

